

Draw on me

by Miundel

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Summary: "Wait, is that a tattoo?" Jack comes to Hiccup's place to discover something new of the Autumn spirit's skin, and Hiccup shows some more times what a great artist he is. (Seasonal AU, RP log based on a meme)

Draw on me

**\*\*Pairing\*\*:** Hijack

><strong>Seasonal AU<strong>: Hiccup as the spirit of Autumn

\_Those few stories are RP logs I saved from our sessions with my dear partner Leandra (SinisterSundown). \_

><em>Why not sharing them with the world?<em>

\_I hope you'll like them as much as we liked playing them. \_

><em>Jack is me<em>

><em>Hiccup is Leandra.<em>

\* \* \*

><p>"Is that a tattoo?"<p>

Hiccup hadn't paid attention to the knocking, hadn't heard it at all as he had watched himself in the mirror, smiling a little at what he had done and what he had accomplished just about one or two hours ago.

>Surprised he turned around, just to face a far too familiar winter spirit standing in the door frame.<br>He shifted his weight, a little too proud to scold Jack for just entering like that.

>"Yes, do you like it?" he asked, looking down on the Henna tattoo he had painted on his belly, his side, up to his chest, a proud black dragon, crawling up his body.<p>

Jack was impressed, for real. It was a beautiful work. He moved forward to take a closer look at it. It was a minutious work (as usual, with Hiccup), it was obvious it was painted, and still you could imagine the dragon would move and end up on the autumn spirit's shoulder.

>He didn't dare to touch it.<br>"How did you do that?"

The autumn spirit pressed his lips together to hold back a proud and flattered smile. Hearing something like this from Jack was always relieving. Most of the time he felt like he couldn't keep up to Jack, to his creativity and his skills and what wonderful things he could create with his hands, his touches. Getting a praise from Jack was justâ€¦amazing.

>So when Jack stepped closer to get a better view of it he stood up to his full height (which was still much smaller compared to Jack.) so that Jack could see all the little details.<p>

"It's Mehndi!" he started, a crooked smile on his lips. "It's some kind of tradition in the orient. When a woman is about to get married her hands and legs get-" he stopped midsentence, blushing a little when he realized what kind of stupid things he were saying. So he quickly cleared his throat, making a wide gesture with his hand. "But by now it's some kind of cult in America and Europe, because the humans thought it's beautiful andâ€¦yeahâ€¦"

He stopped again, looking at the table in the corner of the room where drawings of the design and a mortar, a pestle and leaves laid scattered around. "It'sâ€¦it's coming from a plant called henna shrub - and I know that you don't care, the right name is Lawsonia inermis - and when you pestle the leaves and the stalks you getâ€¦brown or black colour. With that you can paint on your body and within a few hours it dries into your skin andâ€¦wash out after a whileâ€¦"

>Explaining it made it sound so stupid. He looked down on himself, smling a little at the view of the dragon.<p>

Jack stayed open-mouthed as he listened to Hiccup's explanation, his lips slowly forming and breathing a small "wow".

>"So you paint yourself like a woman going to get married? " he asked with half-closed eyes and a smile. Trust Jack not to let this one fall in deaf ears. "Well <em>I<em> can get why they think it's beautiful." he said in awe. Was it really the Mehndi or the fact that it as on Hiccup's skin, where you could try to find where the lines avoided or encircled freckles, more likely it was a little of both.

Hiccup's cheeks turned deeply red. He should have known that Jack couldn't let it slip. Sometimes the other spirit didn't really listen to what he said, happy to only listen to his voice. He wished that it would have been like that a few seconds ago, too. "â€¦I said nowadays it's more like a cultâ€¦and they don't draw dragons for a marriage." He hoped that this would get Jack's mind off of the topic. But probably he would remind him of it again and again.

Seeing the pattern from closer Jack was even more surprised to notice that what he first thought was a plain drawing was in reality a interlacing of numerous lines, curves and points that from afar made a magnificent dragon appear on Hiccup's skin while on its own it was a piece of art to watch in the details. He could spend hours looking at it to discover them. Well he had all the time in the world.

He took a look at the leaves on the table too. So it was coming from a plant? That was so like the autumn spirit to bring out the hidden beauty of something and use it like that. He really really wanted to try that, the mere thought of having Hiccup's skillful hands draw something on him was starting to get him really excited. But would he accept? He was so self-conscious sometimes.

Hiccup shifted his weight, looking up to Jack. "Do you want to try, too?" he asked hesitantly.

So Jack didn't even have time to ask, the smaller spirit asked before he could. The biggest smile appeared on his face. So he wouldn't have to wonder how to convince Hiccup.

>"Yes! Yes please!" he lowered his voice in the end because it had started a little loud, and tried to restrain himself from bouncing on the spot, or catching the other's hands in his, or all in all keeping his composure and not to appear as excited as a little kid.<p>

Hiccup's cheeks were still burning, but at Jack's reaction he had to chuckle anyways. He hadn't expected the other to be so eager about it. Jack was almost more eager than Hiccup himself. Eager because he wanted to share something with Jack, give him something he had created. "You act like a child." he tried to tease, but the smile never left his lips.

>"Okay uhmâ€¦where do you want the Mehndi? And is there something special you'd like?"<p>

It was fun to see how Hiccup tried to defend himself every time he was teased, Jack thought he could never get weary of that. And the way his cheeks were burning was purely adorable.

And he was right, he was acting like a child, he couldn't conceal it. He let go of his staff and started to grip the hem of his hoodie. "Okay, thenâ€¦" He removed it entirely standing as bare-chested as Hiccup was and the piece of clothing ended up thrown haphazardly on the bed.

>"I don't care. Anything will do, I let you choose." he smiled. "Just don't do something stupid to prank me."<p>

Hiccup stared. Maybe just for a second, but he did. He always loved to see Jack undressing himself. The autumn spirit had noticed that he loved the slightly toned chest, the pale skin. But then his eyes wandered back up to Jack's eyes. "Okay, I'll see what I can come up withâ€¦and I'll see if I can hold back when it comes to the prank." he teased, walking over to his desk where he gathered the remaining leaves and pestled them, putting all his strength into it. Then he added a few more things until it was done.

>"Chest or back?" he asked, looking at Jack. If he had to paint on someone else, the back would probably be better. But it was Jack's decision and he wondered what he'd come up with.<br>A few snowflakes were a must on Jack. But only snowflakes would be boring. He probably wanted something cool, too. So it might be a challenge. But he was really eager to try more of the Mehndi!

Jack sat on the bed while Hiccup prepared what was needed. He thought for a moment, He'd like something like the other spirit had, covering his side and front -he had to admit it was damn sexy and made a mental note to slide his hands around this place before the end of

the day- but concluded it'd be easier if he was lying on his front and so presenting his back for Hiccup. So he got comfortable, crossing his arms and letting his head rest in them.  
>"Is it okay like this?"<p>

Hiccup filled the paint into a tube, the one he had used on himself, too, and grabbed a few brushes so that he'd be able work on the pattern's details. He looked up at Jack's question. "Sure. So I'll paint it on your back and shoulders, okay?" he asked, walking over to the bed and set down everything next to Jack before he sat down himself, his hands ghosting over his boyfriend's back to get an idea of his 'canvas' and how he'd use it for good.  
>Again he noticed how Jack had a really nice back and he had to resist the urge to lean down and kiss his shoulder blades. This was business!<p>

Jack shivered from the touch of the warm hands of his little lover on his back. This started really, really good.  
>"You could paint everywhere for all I care, it'd be perfect." he almost purred in a breath, his eyes closed. It was almost like he was melting and merging with the mattress.<br>"But now that I think of itâ€¦" Jack squirmed under Hiccup's hands until he was half-turned around, resting on his side and looking at him with a mischievous smile. "â€¦I won't be able to see it if it's on my back heh?"

>Those caresses felt just too nice to be limited to his back.<p>

Hiccup was just about to sit down on Jack's thighs so that he'd have a comfortable position to draw in when the other suddenly changed his position. He raised his eyebrows and looked down to Jack, before he snorted. "Just a second ago you said you wouldn't mind where I'd paint it on." he commented, placing his hand on Jack's shoulder to turn him properly around.

Then he sat down on the winter spirit's hips. This view was even better, he had to admit. As much as he loved Jack's back, he loved the other's chest a little more. Maybe because when he looked at it he could also see his face at the same time and not just the back of his head. However.

>"Okay. Is it decided then?" he asked, placing a hand on Jack's stomach, starting to trail a broad outline of the design he had in mind, just to see if there would be enough space to get it on.<p>

"I'm known for changing my mind pretty fast." Jack stated while settling his shoulder blades down comfortably.

>The position the smaller spirit was in wasn't innocent if you thought about it, but this wasn't the moment for that. He had to stay focused. Jack's breath hitched when Hiccup's hand trailed on his stomach. It was like he was teasing him beforeâ€¦ other activities.<br>Jack tried to get a hold of himself and chase the invading thoughts away.

"It's even better." he started, suddenly raising on one elbow, his hand coming to cup the autumn spirit's cheek as he left a kiss on his lips then muttering against them.

>"Because now I'll be able to see you when you'll be working on it."<br>He lay down again with a satisfied smile.

>"I'm ready."<p>

Hiccup was a little startled when Jack suddenly came up on his elbow, just to place a kiss on his lips. His eyes fluttered shut out of habit, enjoying the cool sensation on his lips. Jack stayed close to him, speaking while their lips were just inches apart. What a teaseâ€|

He bit down on his lower lip, trying to concentrate himself on the matter.

>"Well, then I hope you won't get too bored" he answered, preparing the tube, eyes searching for a good point to start at.<p>

"I'm sure I won't." Jack assured, eyes half-lidded when he looked at Hiccup through his lashes. He had something nice to keep him entertained.

Hiccup placed a hand on Jack's shoulder to brace himself, then pressed a little to cause the paint to come out.

>"You are not allowed to look before it's finished" he warned Jack, before he finally concentrated completely on drawing a nice frost pattern along his shoulder, a little down to his chest and up to his neck. He got a little lost in it, switching between tube and several brushes as he lowered down a little to have a better view. Painting on Jack's skin was a new experienceâ€|and he loved it.<p>

"Not fair." Jack mumbled. He wanted to see the progress.

>Though when Hiccup started painting, he shivered again.<br>"It tickles." he laughed, and decided the intense look on Hiccup's face was worth looking at, even more than the progress of the drawing.

>Hiccup was so close he could feel his radiating warmth on his naked skin.<p>

Hiccup was so concentrated that he had almost ignored Jack's chuckles. But a smile formed on his lips when it sunk in just a few seconds later. "It's a brush after all" he muttered under his breath, somehow not daring to breathe properly in fear his hand would shake too much. But Jack was right, the brush tickled on the skin. A problem he had to face earlier, too. But it was much better to see Jack's reaction to it. How the hair in his neck started to stand up a littleâ€|how he shivered slightly with every stroke of his brushâ€|wasn't it like teasing him?

As soon as the thought crossed his mind it was harder for him to concentrate. But he had to. So he bit down on his lips, looking even more concentrated than before as he moved down to Jack's collarbone. Just a second more of thinking and he had decided whether to draw an ice dragon - fitting to his own design - or an arctic fox. His right hand moved from Jack's shoulder down to his chest, supporting himself there now before he added some paint and then moved with the brush slowly over Jack's collarbone down to his chest. Again he got lost in the process as the head of the fox to assume shape.

Keeping his hands to himself was a harsh task for Jack now, he wanted to take advantage of the position to put them on the other's thighs.

>Apart from the arousal that was growing in him, Jack felt himself overwhelmed by another feeling, from sharing something so intimate, being the canvas for his skillful little artist of a lover was a wonderful experience.<br>Some time along it, he couldn't help the

small 'I love you' that left his lips.

When Jack's voice broke the silence again, the autumn spirit stopped in his movements and looked up from the pale skin, facing the winter spirit before a small but solemn smile formed on his lips.

>"I love you too" he whispered back, shifting his weight to his knees again to steal a short kiss from Jack. Keeping the smile up he lowered himself to the other's chest again, switching brushes and started to stroke over the other's chest. It got harder to ignore what he did when the brush got closer to the other's nipple, though. So he quickly painted into the other direction, biting a little harsher onto his lower lip. Jack was just too tempting to be ignored.<p>

A small sigh left Jack's lips after that.

>It was always hard for him to be close to Hiccup and keep his hands to himself. Generally speaking, touch was very important for him. In an innocent way. Just feeling the other was there, touching, be touched too. His hands were figdety, he wanted to cross his arms but couldn't with the other spirit leant on him like this.<p>

And this there, what they were doing, was innocent, but the feeling of the brushes strokes on sensitive places and with the intimacy of it, the arousing was hard to push back. He tried to close his eyes, but it was worse, as if the sensations were increased. But when he kept them open, he was bathed in Hiccup's beautiful face and it wasn't okay either.

>At a loss of anything better to do, he turned his head to the side to try and find something in the hut to concentrate on, regaining control over his breathing, as his fingers clutched the fabric of the bed.<p>

Hiccup was almost too concentrated to notice the change in Jack's breathing, in his behaviour, if the other's chest wouldn't heave and lower in a different rhythm than usual. He stopped, for a second, daring to steal a glance on the other. He had to press his lips tightly together, biting a little down on his tongue while doing so. Jack had his eyes closed, his facial expression giving away that he was concentrating really hard. And it looked sexy.

He quickly fixed his eyes back on Jack's chest, which probably wasn't the better option at all. Not that it wasn't a nice view butâ€|it was by far a \_too\_ pleasant view. He gulped and was happy that Jack had closed his eyes. He wanted to continue but he found his hand shaking a little. He bit down harder on his tongue, whincing when doing so but at least it had the wanted effect: His hand stopped shaking. So his brush trailed down from Jack's chest down to his stomach, circling his navel and before Hiccup knew it he had let out a silent gasp. No matter how much he tried to deny itâ€|he was aroused.

Jack's breath hitched. For some reason Hiccup had stopped painting for several seconds and when he started again, trailing down his stomach, it was like his skin had gotten ten times more sensitive. He couldn't help the physical reaction it gave him, as his lungs contracted.

>A familiar warmth started to gather from the last place the brush had touched, descending lower.<p>

He gulped, and tried to concentrate harder, but how can you possibly

stop your body from reacting physically to such sweet touches from your beloved, all the while feeling the weight of his warm body on yours, Jack had no idea. It was about to get awkward. Sure with the position Hiccup was in now, his little problem wouldn't go undetected for long.

Hiccup couldn't do this anymore. But he tried to fight against it. Again his hand started to shake and when he drew the lines they didn't get as accurate as he wanted them to. And this was when he felt it. He blushed deeply, pulling his hand back, cheeks burning red. He cleared his throat awkwardly.

>"Jack?" he asked, his voice a little higher pitched than usual what left him embarrassed immediately. He pressed his lips into a thin line, placing the brush carefully next to him. "I uhmâ€¦I think we got a problemâ€¦" he muttered.<p>

Jack was truly mortified. He couldn't believe this was happening. He just wanted to share a nice and sweet moment with Hiccup and had absolutely no improper thoughts whatsoever and still he had messed things up again. He felt like a pervert. And the shame colored his ears while the rest of his face paled. He raised his hands, babbling. "I'm so sorry! I didn't meant for it to happen, it's justâ€¦ Well no, it'll go away, I swear. Maybe you could justâ€¦ sit on the side or something?"

He didn't want Hiccup to stop, and the other spirit had already discarded his brush. He was so annoyed at himself, it was his fault.

>In his distressed and aroused state Jack didn't notice the other was in nearly the same state as he was.<p>

Why did Jack have to talk about it? It was purely adorable. And then his ears became red. And oh Gods, why did he now started to move under him. Before Hiccup even thought properly about it he dived down, pressing his lips on Jack's. As soon as his lips touched the other spirit's lips it was like he couldn't think properly anymore. Still, he sucked in his bellybuton, just to make sure his upper body wouldn't end up on Jack's.

>"Nothing to be sorry aboutâ€¦" he muttered against his boyfriend's lips, panting, unable to hide that he was aroused as well.<p>

Saying Jack was surprised was an understatement. He froze, and before he could understand anything, Hiccup's lips were gone already, and his own eyelids lowered as he recovered from the surprise.

>"It won't go away if you're doing things like this" Jack stated, almost purring. His hands could now be resting without shame on the other spirit's thighs, because with the shifting something happening to Hiccup was very obvious to Jack now, and he had nothing to be ashamed of if they were two sharing the awkward problem, right?<p>

"It's your fault for being a tempting canvasâ€¦" Hiccup gave back, whispering silently against Jack's lips.

"Looks who's talking." Hiccup was still half naked after all, leaning above him, the drawing delicately running on his speckled skin. It was a sight for sore eyes.

The autumn spirit caught his lips again. He let out a shaky breath at the feeling of Jack's cool hands on his thighs. He was at a point

where he couldn't really care about his arousal, when Jack's himself was far too obvious now. He moved a little, his hands burying in the white hair as he exhaled satisfied through his nose.

Jack moved his hips just enough to get some friction, and resulting in him moaning into the kiss. Feverishly sharing a kiss with Hiccup on top of him with his hands buried in his hair was plainly sinful. His own hands were now gliding on Hiccup's thighs and up, landing flat on his lower back, with the idea of bringing the smaller spirit closer, but the cruel one broke the kiss.

"I should probably get back to drawingâ€|" he muttered, thinking about the half-done arctic fox on Jack's chest.

Jack grunted, his head falling back on the makeshift pillow.

>"You're such a tease." he sighed. "Well you're lucky I really want this thing, it looks gorgeous on you, I can't wait to explore." he added with a smirk, raising one brow, as he let some of his fingers trail on the autumn spirit's ribs.<br>"But will you manage to ignore it?" he inquired, amused, his eyes darting towards their mutual arousing.

Hiccup was about to snicker when Jack called him a tease, but the fingers on his ribs distracted him far too much. A shiver ran down his spine and he sucked in his belly at the fresh fingertips on his skin.

>He bit down on his lower lip, placed his hands on Jack's, pulled them away and pinned them down next to him, bringing their faces closer again.<br>"I'll manage as long as you keep your fingers offâ€|" he whispered into his ear. If Jack teased him, he'd tease him too. He pecked him on his cheek before he sat up again, trying to not put too much weight onâ€|yeah. The problem. He took the brush again.

>"Pull yourself together, I am almost done with it and the upper half is already as good as dryâ€|" he said. But even though he tried to act cool, he wasn't cool at all. It was hot. Too hot and he wanted to release all of it, wanted to kiss Jack senseless and maybe get rid of the accumulated tension as well.<p>

His fingers were trembling slightly when he put more paint on Jack's belly, wondering if it felt cold or warm to him, before he started to paint again. And no matter how hard he tried to keep his hands still, the lines weren't as precise as before. He huffed, a little frustrated, glancing at Jack. Why was his boyfriend too hot for his own good?

Jack grumbled incoherently, and gasped when Hiccup's breath was in his ear. It was going to be painfully long if he had to stay still. Speak about slow torture.

>Well if Hiccup wanted to play this game he could play, too.<p>

He kept his hands to himself, but raised them so they rested every side of his head, which he turned slightly, eyeing the other spirit from the corner of his eyes, giving him the sprawled, vulnerable and sexy look he hoped.

>With each stroke on every particularly sensitive spot, he didn't try to hold back the small gasps they caused and a few moans crossed his lips too.<br>Maybe he was overdoing it, but he was aroused for real and asked to stay still, he wasn't going to give up the fight without



having some fun out of Hiccup's reactions to his teasing.

When Jack moved he couldn't help it but look up, about to complain that he should keep still but this was just one of Jack's tricks. Now that his arms were next to his head his chest was a little more stretched and it brought out the muscles of his upper body. And his eyes. He had a weak spot for Jack's eyes and how could he not stare at them when they were looking at him like this.

>"This is not going to work" he said silently, more to convince himself than to convince Jack of it.<p>

Jack chuckled silently at Hiccup's obvious dissaray. But at the same time he wanted the drawing to end good so he stayed still nevertheless, wishing for it to be finished quick. The sexual tension between them was so heavy you could practically touch it.

Hiccup fixed his eyes back on Jack's belly, and the closer he got to the rim of Jack's pants the moans became more frequent, andâ€|well, his own arousal almost hurt and he felt so hot as if he'd faint any second. Sometimes, when Jack gasped, he gasped too, just because it caught him off guard. Now only the tail was left to do and he was panting heavily by now, his heart racing in his chest. He wanted to pay Jack back, before it was finished.

>So he lowered himself a little and sat down on Jack's hips again, shifting and adjusting himself a little before lifting his weight back up and shifted it to his knees. Sure, it had almost locked out a moan out of his own lips, but no. He wouldn't give Jack the satisfaction.<p>

The winter spirit could easily felt the warmth that was emanating from his lover, it was making him hot too, and the difference in temperature caused his skin to shiver with each brush stroke. Most of the gasps weren't faked by now.

>And what was Hiccup doing? The little fox purposely <em>rubbed<em> his crotch against his. Jack's eyes closed shut and the moan which escaped his lips was certainly very real this time. Breathing normally was getting hard for him too.

>"Hâ€|Hurry." he panted, then biting his lower lip not wanting to let himself beg.<p>

Maybe he had overdone it. With wide green eyes he stared down at Jack, his right hand covering his mouth. This was hot. And arousing. And tempting. So without wasting a thought anymore he finished the drawing, the tail not as detailed as the rest before he sucked his bellybutton in and pressed his lips on Jack's eagerly, gasping a little when their lips touched. He threw the brush to the ground, hands cupping Jack's cheeks as he deepened the kiss, not really thinking about the wet paint on Jack's belly anymore.

Jack's hands flew to the back of Hiccup's head the moment their lips touched, and the kiss quickly turned passionate.

>Though in his lust-dazed state Jack's brain still worked enough for him to be worried about something important, he broke the kiss, bearth short.<br>"Wait.. .what about the paint?"

>That was the reason he had to suffer through this after all, he wouldn't want to have it ruined.<p>

Jack broke the kiss and Hiccup whined silently, about to bring their lips back together. But the question made him stop. How much he'd

love to say that he didn't care, that he just wanted to rub his body against Jack's. But he really had a point. Breathlessly he stole another kiss from Jack, thinking about a way they could help themselves. He chewed on the insides of his cheek for a mere second before he sat up.

>"Just relax and don't move too much" he whispered before slowly moving down, off of Jack while his hands undid the belt, pulling down his pants.<p>

More gasps from Jack and he twitched.

>"Easier said than doneâ€|"<br>But once Hiccup attacked his pants and the smaller spirit's intentions were clear he somehow relaxed, and complied, raising his hips eagerly.

>He liked where this was going.<p>

Hiccup wasn't that ashamed of doing these kind of things like he had been in the beginning. By now they enjoyed it too touch and kiss each other and more. And now he'd have to help Jack because of his idea to paint on him. (How stupid of him!)

>Still he hesitated for a few seconds, peeking up to Jack before he removed his boxers as well (damn, he was still so envious because of those.) and leant down to Jack's arousal and gently kissed its tip.<p>

Jack's ears were flaming. As much as he'd like to say he was pretty confident in dealing with this with all his cocky teasing, in reality he was still a little sheepish. It was always a little scary how such activities with Hiccup left him with little to no control over himself and the feelings were so overwhelming. It was much more than just physical pleasure and well-needed release.

A shiver raked through his body when supple lips brushed him.

Hiccup never had been a fan ofâ€|well, pleasuring Jack with his mouth. He just had to admit it. But Jack seemed to enjoy it whenever he did it and that was what kinda kept him in the mood for more. Also he liked the sounds coming from the winter spirit, how he reacted to his touches and his tongue. And it wasn't like there were more options left if they wanted the paint to dry properly on Jack's skin.

So he closed his eyes and tried to relax, feeling how his cheeks were burning as he started to lick over the tip, slowly down to the base of his boyfriend's erection, sucking gently on it while his hands laid on his inner thighs, rubbing the flesh close to his crotch. He licked back up and let his tongue slide over the slit one more time before opening his mouth to carefully take in his length, a muffled moan escaping him.

One of Jack's hands darted to thread itself in auburn hair as the other clung to the sheets below him, his toes curling and hips raising the moment a so warm tongue touched his skin.

>"Hiccupâ€|!"<br>The broken cry which escaped him was unavoidable, even if he knew what was coming. It was just so good.

He liked how Hiccup was careful and slow, measuring each of his moves, exactly like when he painted. Jack was just helpless under his attentions.

The fingers in his hair and Jack's voice caused Hiccup to gasp, the mere touch almost too much for him to handle. He had to let go of Jack's erection for a few seconds before he pulled himself together and closed his mouth around it again, trying to take in as much of it as possible, starting to bob his head up and down, sucking on it as he closed his hand around it to give it a little more pressure, squeezing it gently every now and then when his mouth let go of it again.

At some point when he thought it was enough he let go of Jack completely, not really able to handle the heat anymore that had build up in his body.

>"Is it dry?" he asked out of breath, slowly getting on his knees and unbuttoning his pants. Whenever it was coming to undressing he wasn't really sure about himself anymore, but he just couldn't stand the fabric rubbing against his arousal any longer. He just wanted Jack and if he had to keep down, well, then he had to find something else to please the two of them.<p>

Jack was too lost in it to understand a thing, it's only when the sinful warmth left him his eyes opened and he blinked, wondering why it was gone and how not okay this was.

>Hiccup's question took a moment to hit his brain.<br>"Whatâ€|?" Oh yes, the paint. "Uh, I dunno, you tell meâ€|?"<br>>He was the expert on this subject after all.<p>

Feeling Hiccup move he raised his head, seeing how he eagerly opened his pants, and how red his face was. Jack gulped and raised more staying on his elbows and debating if he should move in a sitting position or not.

>Still the aching need between his legs was pulsating painfully asking for attention, so his mind was set and he sat, throwing one arm around the smaller spirit's shoulders and making both their foreheads touch.<br>"Just don't touch it so it won't smudge." he decided in a breath.

Hiccup bit down on his lower lip to keep himself from exhaling too loudly as he stared down at Jack. When the winter spirit moved he could see the fox on his chest moving a little with the other's body. Now that it was as good as dry he could admit that he had done a wonderful job on it. (even if it was a littleâ€|messy further down.)

>Jack's sudden action took him off guard and when their foreheads touched, it caused Hiccup to release the breath he had tried to hold in, smiling a little at the fond action.<p>

He brought his hands up to Jack's cheeks, cupping them as he gently but still passionately kissed Jack's lips.

>"I'll be carefulâ€|" he assured him as he changed his position a little, his legs on Jack's upper thighs, shifting a little closer so that they were sitting really close.<p>

"Mhâ€|" Jack agreed and deepened the kiss, letting his hand finally roam freely on Hiccup's ribs, tracing the lines of the dragon running there.

His other hand went directly to caress the inside of the smaller spirit's thigh and reached his member, warm and hard under his fingers. He tentatively stroked a few times, before shifting closer so both their manhoods touched and he was able to take them both in

his hand.

>The remnants of Hiccup's saliva on his own helped to make things a little slicker, he nestled his face in the hollow of the autumn spirit's neck and shoulder and left some groans and broken sighs in his skin.<p>

Jack's hands that roamed over his body caused Hiccup's breath to hitch, making him think that it was his best idea in a long time to paint his body when Jack liked it so much. He gasped when Jack started to stroke him, what finally caused him to break their kiss, a moan leaving his lips. Hiccup buried his face in the crook of Jack's neck, one hand burying in Jack's hair, the other finding it's way to his back.

Another loud moan escaped him when Jack brought their members together, a wave of heat overcoming him as he tried to not press his body against Jack's for more, thinking about the other's drawing again.

>When he felt the weight on his shoulder he lifted his head up, fingers holding on a little harder to Jack's hair as he started to kiss what he could reach from Jack's face, up to his ear where he started to nibble slightly, his other hand gently scratching down, exploring the nice back he liked so much.<p>

Waves of pleasure coursed through Jack's body and his movements became a little erratic as he gasped, his ears always have been a sensitive part and Hiccup knew it, and the faint scratching of his back was the cherry on top.

>Instinctively, he bit down on Hiccup's neck, this so smooth skin, intending to leave a mark, licking and kissing the place afterwards.<br>He didn't know about the other but himself was close, all the teasing and unwanted foreplay they already had greatly helped to have him in the mood way before they even started.

When Jack bit down on his neck he cried out lustfully, revealing more of his neck to give Jack better access.

>"Jack..." he groaned silently and out of breath when his movements became more erratic to a point where it felt almost like teasing. And even though Hiccup hated to admit it, he loved it to get teased.<br>He leant a little further back to catch the other's lips again, trying to muffle his own gasps and groans, both hands returning to the white hair.

He felt like he was already close, faster than usual. He felt incredibly hot and he knew that Jack could feel his heat as well. Maybe it was because the entire situation was so arousing and so tempting as well because he wasn't allowed to touch Jack however he pleased. Again he whispered the other's name against his lips before deepening the kiss again, leaning into the touch as the toes of his right leg curled and uncurled.

Hiccup was doing the most interesting sounds, Jack thought. He was turning very passionate, and was burning, which aroused him even more. The autumn spirit's heat was something he liked. Maybe it was the only heat he really appreciated. It was special.

His fingers clutched on the other's side and as he continued to stroke, much more faster with each passing second, and he gripped the prominent bone of one of Hiccup's shoulder blades.

>Nearing his completion his hips thrust up to meet the other's and

Hiccup's name fell from his lips in a stream.<br>His moans were muffled in one last kiss as he came, enclosing their members using the last drop of his sanity to protect the drawing and not getting anything sticky on it.

Jack calling out his name when he came let a shiver run down Hiccup's spine and a few movements of himself was enough to come into Jack's hand, a stifled moan escaping him while his own hands tightened their grip in Jack's hair.

>The aftermath of his orgasm caused him to pant heavily against Jack's lips, his hands slowly letting go of the white mess just to embrace the other spirit's neck.<br>He let his forehead rest against Jack's shoulder while he tried to catch his breath, the heat in his face that caused it to flush slowly fading. His palms rubbed over Jack's shoulders, chapped lips leaving a small kiss on one of it.

Jack was panting hard too, and he felt as if all his strength was gone so having Hiccup's shoulder to rest his head upon was a nice thing.

>They stayed in this position catching their breath for some time, those sweet lazy moments after where the best time. He was the first to stir and left some kisses on the shoulder and neck in his wake.<br>It was hard to believe how strong and good it had been when they had just touched each other. Jack's voice sounded drowsy when he spoke.

>"Remind me to plan more body painting sessions for later."<p>

Hiccup complained silently when Jack suddenly moved, even though he knew that they had to at some point. When he had the chance he immediately placed a kiss on the other's lips, even though it was just a short peck.

>"We barely made it through this painting session Jack." he answered lazily but amused, a little worn out from their latest activities.<p>

Jack followed after Hiccup's lips when he left after such a short kiss, his eyes still closed. This wasn't enough, he needed much more snuggling.

>"Mmh but it was nice, I think you liked it too." he smirked, finally opening his eyes to look at him mischievously.<p>

Again Hiccup felt blood rushing to his cheeks, but gladly it didn't stay there for long. Jack really knew how to push his buttons, but he couldn't let him know, right? So he gave back the smirk, maybe not looking as mischievously as the winter spirit, but there was no need to. "Well, you know what you're doing so of course I liked it."

Jack smirked more, having his eyes narrowing as a result.

>"Are you trying to flatter me now?" He wasn't sure he was so good at it, he just followed his instinct. If Hiccup liked it, it was satisfying to him.<p>

"Don't I always flatter you?" Hiccup asked, not expecting an answer to that question, though. He knew pretty well that his compliments weren't always as direct as this one, but the nice thing was that Jack always knew when he wanted to say something nice.

He glanced down at the painting. "But I think it's dry nowâ€|" he

muttered, leaning his head against Jack's shoulder for a second before he sighed. Probably he should put his pants back on. So he slowly reached out and grabbed the grey fabric and pulled it closer.

"It is?" Jack looked down on himself and Hiccup used this moment to try and retrieve his clothes. Himself get rid of the -now frozen- remnants of their activities from his hand. He wouldn't have minded if the other stayed naked but he knew how Hiccup was self-conscious of his own body. (even if Jack told him numerous times how beautiful and perfect he was.)

He dared to touch some of the paint and it was indeed dry, clotted like blood. It was strange to the touch and some parts peeled away if he picked them off a little. Under the dark shade of the dried paint there was on his skin a lighter color, much more what the Autumn Spirit had on his own body.

While Jack was looking at the lines Hiccup got up and slipped into his pants (he would probably have to wash them in the river) before he sat back down, really close to Jack. Usually he would have liked to slip back into his shirt as wellâ€|but it was odd. With the dragon on his body he felt by far more confident about himself. Not really confident, but not as self-conscious as usual. It was weird what a little drawing could do.

He watched how Jack peeled off the dried paint and there really were remains of paint on Jack's skin, like on his own. He smile stupidly at that.

>"Suits you." he muttered as he slowly laid down and curled up on the bed. Now that the adrenaline was gone exhaustion settled in.<p>

Jack was focused on the paint. Fascinated, even.

>"How does this even work?" he mumbled, scratching the last bits of dried paint. He looked down on himself while stretching at the same time, stroking his skin with a curious hand.<br>"Hiccup, it'sâ€| it's awesome." He really did a wonderful job, even with his hands shaking.

A sheepish but proud smile formed on Hiccup's lips as he watched how Jack explored his body, and the words where the icing on the cake. "Glad you liked itâ€|you see what it is?" he asked curiously, reaching out his hands to trail along the head of the fox. "I thought it would suit you."

"It's a foxâ€|?" Jack asked, from there it looked like one, and the way Hiccup interlaced the lines really looked like frost this time, it was like one of the most beautiful things Jack had ever seen in his life.

>"You're suchâ€| it's soâ€|" the words were lacking him, he was obviously moved and leaned in the touch of Hiccup's hand on his skin.<br>He wanted to trace the dragon on his lover's skin too, curled up on the bed like he was, he looked like a cat who got all the cream and he just wanted to lay down with him and cuddle.

A warm feeling spread in Hiccup's chest. That Jack was searching for words to describe something he had createdâ€|it was just so very flattering.

>"Yesâ€|an arctic fox" he explained. "And of course some frost for Mister Frost." he answered with a crooked smile.<p>

"Oh, I love those guys, they're quick and sly and fun to play chase with." Jack commented, still observing his own body.

"Would you now finally lie down so that I can snuggle up?" Hiccup asked teasingly, fatigue showing on his face. "I deserved that!" the spirit added, the smile never leaving him.

Jack blinked and looked down at Hiccup with a crooked smile.  
>"You just wait, genius, brace yourself" and with that he jumped on him, squeezing him as if there was no tomorrow and rubbing his hands up and down his sides.<p>

"Uff!" was the loud sound he made when Jack jumped on him, laughing happily. It was always great to see that he could make Jack happy, even if it was just something simple like a drawing. (Okay, a drawing that had lead to hot activities, but still just a drawing!)  
>He wrapped his arms around the white haired spirit's neck and nuzzled the crook of his neck, giggling a little when the other's hands ran over his skin. Gods, how much he loved this, he wouldn't be able to describe this feeling.<p>

"I missed you" Hiccup muttered all of a sudden as he buried his nose in the pale shoulder, fingers playing with the few strands of hair in Jack's neck. "And I am glad you came to pay me a visit." he added silently, this time nuzzling the shoulder with his nose. "And" he started, moving a little so that he laid on his side. "Feel free to keep going." Hiccup finished with a slightly cheeky grin. He loved it when Jack caressed his sides, so he would enjoy it as long as he could.

Jack hadn't been expecting that sudden sweetness and those words. It was always so precious moments to have Hiccup like this, all clingy and cuddling, and needy, most of the time he was the one with those attributes between the two.

"I missed you too." Of course he did. He was missing him nearly\_ all the time\_. He kissed his scalp, then hid his smile in the auburn hair, staying there.  
>His hands never stopped moving on the freckled skin, fingers following the lines and curves of the majestic animal prancing here.<br>"You're quite stunning, dragon boy." he stated, his voice cooing.

It was nice hearing those words for Hiccup too. It wasn't like Jack never said them to him but it had become more rare with time. He hoped Jack wouldn't think that he was sick of it. He'd never be sick of it. Maybe it was because Hiccup wasn't saying them enough and it made him feel a little guilty. So he scooted closer and rested his head against Jack's exposed chest, teasing it with his breath.

>"And you are just as handsome, Snowflake." the autumn spirit gave back, before wrapping his arm around Jack as well, gently trailing up and down his spine.<br>"But sadly you are not as stunning as me" since dragons are so much cooler." he teased, poking the other a little. "But that's fine by me."

Jack could have melted into the mattress, if this was possible. It's been years, but he still felt for Hiccup like on the first day, and maybe more, and every second near him was hugely fulfilling. His

warm presence, and sweet touches were intoxicating, and even his sharp tongue or all the sassiness held into this little being couldn't hinder that. Actually, it was a part of him and he loved it too.

>Jack snorted in the autumn spirit's hair, his own arm completely wrapped around the other now. He knew perfectly well Hiccup wasn't serious there with how the insecurities related to his appearance were still there sometimes, but he loved those games anyway.<br>"You have a point here, dragon boy, so does that mean I'm just a cute fluffy fox to you? Are you going to eat me?"

Hiccup chuckled and freed his face from Jack's chest where it had been buried for a while now. He looked up to the winter spirit with a cocky grin before he turned his head, opened his mouth a little and sunk his teeth gently into the other's upper arm, acting like he was gnawing on it. After a few seconds he pulled back and pecked the spot where his teeth had just been brushing the skin.

>"Yes, it's a nice little snack. Tastes wonderful! Never going to eat anything else ever again."<br>The hand on Jack's back started to move again, drawing tiny circles on the pale skin there. "Cute fluffy foxâ€¦I think I am going to add that to my list of nicknames for you, Snowcone."

Jack gasped, out of surprise, ready to complain but no sound came out, his mouth closing as he looked down at the autumn spirit gnawing on his arm. It was just a brush of teeth more than a real bite and he found this absolutely cute and funny. It gave him shivers once the teeth left him, and the soft caresses were back. What had just happened?

>"Be merciful mighty dragon, don't eat too much at a time, you need to keep some for later." he rubbed his cold nose in the auburn hair again, then his cheek, like an animal will do to tame another, then he kissed the top of the head.<p>

"Maybe I'll keep my favourite fox as a reminder how much I actually like themâ€¦no eatingâ€¦" Hiccup mumbled, closing his eyes when Jack's nose and cheek touched his hair. How exactly was he supposed to resist those adorable gestures. So he sighed contently and cuddled even closer to him. "The mighty dragon wants the fox to know he'd better not leave the den." he sighed, getting comfortable. How else should he tell him not to leave right now, he wondered. He just hoped that Jack would stay as long as possible. Because there was nothing he enjoyed as much as his arms around him.

Jack had no intent to leave anyway. He was way too comfortable. And not to forget to add that their recentâ€¦activities had tired him.

>His eyelids were already dropping.<br>"You always have foxes on your bed now you have me." Jack mumbled, sleep gaining him already and making his mouth lazy and his wording confused.

Hiccup could only manage a tired nod, already dozing off in Jack's arms, covering himself with the nice warm blanket from his bed as well. "That's much better anywaysâ€¦" he mumbled before finally losing consciousness, entering the land of dreams just to wake up later in Jack's arms again. Like a perfect cycle.

End  
file.